

THE WASHINGTON TIMES

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WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY 5, 1896.



BONA-FIDE CIRCULATION.

A reference to the statement below will show that the circulation sworn to is a bona fide one.

It is easily possible for a newspaper with an elastic conscience to swell its legitimate circulation enormously, in order to deceive advertisers, by sending out thousands of papers to newsstands, which are returnable, and which are in fact returned, but nevertheless are included in what purports to be an honest statement of circulation.

Intelligent advertisers, however, judge by results, and bogus circulation don't give them.

The family circulation of The Times is many thousands in excess of any other Washington paper and is believed to be fully two times that of its afternoon contemporary.

The circulation of The Times for the week ended July 3, 1896, was as follows:

Saturday, June 27	45,503
Sunday, June 28	24,997
Monday, June 29	45,035
Tuesday, June 30	45,028
Wednesday, July 1	44,717
Thursday, July 2	44,054
Friday, July 3	45,013

Total copies printed . . . 294,347
Less damaged copies, copies left over, unsold, in office, and copies returned, unsold, from news stands and branch offices . . . 24,061

Net . . . 270,286
I solemnly swear that the above is a correct statement of the circulation of The Washington Times for the week ended July 3, 1896, and that every copy was delivered or mailed for a valuable consideration.

WILLIAM T. OLIVER,
Superintendent of Circulation.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of July, A. D. 1896.
[SEAL.] ERNEST G. THOMPSON,
Notary Public.

Twelve Hours Ago.

If you miss any news in the morning edition look in the list below. What you're looking for was probably printed in yesterday's evening edition, and as The Times never repeats you'll have to take both editions to get all the news as quick as it happens.

- BIZZLING AND BLAZING**—Fusionists of Firecrackers Kept Up by Patriotic People.
- TELLER AS A TEMPTATION**—Democrats Can Get Votes by Nominating Him.
- CELEBRATED THE FOURTH**—Ladies Led to Nothing in the Street Railway Trouble.
- LIFE CHOKED OUT**—Squamous Taken From Jail and Lashed.
- OBSERVED BY THE ELDERS**—Association of the District's Oldest Inhabitants Celebrate.
- PATRIOTIC ORDERS UNITE**—Fourth Fittingly Observed With Music and Speeches.
- ACME LED THE PROCESSION**—Responsible Annual Race of the Capital Yacht Club.
- SEVEN RACES FOR PRIZES**—Queen Wheelmen's Annual Event at International Park.
- TWO MEN BURIED IN RUINS**—Buildings Collapsed in Peoria, Ill., by Being Undermined by Flood.
- BATTED CARNEY VERY HARD**—Senator Took the Morning Game at Philadelphia.
- TRADING OF THE SENATORS**—Manager McGowan Gets the Player He Was After.
- GOSPEL OF THE WHEELMEN**—Excellent Showing of Tom Butler on the Track.
- RAIN SAVED THE MASCOTS**—Young Stars Had a Big Lead When the Game Was Called.
- BALFOUR IS DISGUSTED**—Will Probably Resign the Leadership of the House.
- BOYCOTT BY THE BANKS**—Financiers Will Retaliate Upon the Advocates of Silver.
- PASSING THE SUNNY DAYS**—Society Folks' Plans for Getting Pleasure Out of Life.
- MEDAL FOR JOURNALISM**—Award to the Woman's National Press Association.
- GREAT RALLY APPROACHES**—Final Plans for the Christian Endeavor Convention.
- DEFICIT IS DECREASING**—Treasury, \$25,500,000 Short for the Fiscal Year.
- DIET FOR THE DEFENDERS**—Report on Emergency Food for the Army.

CAPTIOUS CRITICISM.

Some newspapers have referred with covert sneers to the recent remark of John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil millionaire, that he regards himself only as the trustee of his vast fortune, which, he says, he owes to the favor of Providence, and is endeavoring to discharge his trust to the best of his ability. If this had been said by any one of a dozen other millionaires, whose names come to mind, some doubt as to their being entirely honest in their expression would not have been unjustifiable, but in the Standard Oil man's case it is different. Mr. Rockefeller's actions are the best proof of the truth of his words. He and his family, notwithstanding his enormous wealth, have led a perfectly simple, almost an austere, life. Every member of it has been active in church work, and many of his millions have gone to the endowment of the great Baptist University at Chicago. It is believed by those who ought to be well-informed, that the bulk of Mr. Rockefeller's vast fortune will go in the same, or a similar, direction after his death.

Mr. Rockefeller belongs to a class of plutocrats not in high favor generally at this time, because of the fact that they are monopolists, but if there be anything really reprehensible in the accumulation of large fortunes by monopolizing certain lines of business, such as Mr. Rockefeller makes of us can be at least accepted as a plea in mitigation. The fact that he has given his millions to one particular religious denomination is of no consequence, so long as he thinks that the object he aims at—the widest possible dissemination of theological as well as secular knowledge—can best be accomplished through its agency. Neither the fact of his being a millionaire monopolist, nor of having bestowed his wealth upon one religious body exclusively, detracts from the fact that it has been given in behalf of the cause of education, and that the world will be the better for it that he thus lived and labored.

Though the Chicago University is Mr. Rockefeller's philanthropic pet scheme, yet he has been liberal in other directions, and so far as human judgment can pass upon it, he may not improperly be classed among those stewards who have made good use of their talents.

THE DISTRICT NATIONAL GUARD.

What may prove a perfectly harmless innovation or a serious blow at the very existence of the District National Guard is the clause in the last District appropriation bill, which places the control of the funds intended for the support of the guard in the hands of the Commissioners. If they regard it as a mere matter of form and approve the requisitions of the commander-in-chief, paying no attention to interlopers, undertrappers, and others who may have opinions and purposes different from those of Gen. Ordway, no harm will be done. Just as soon, however, as they deviate from this line of policy and slight the authority of the commander-in-chief, his usefulness is gone and so are the discipline and efficiency of the entire organization. Under such conditions the utter disruption of the District Guard would merely be a matter of time, and a very short time at that.

The people of the District take a just pride in their militia. It has been a plant of comparatively slow growth, starting from small beginnings, but to its numerical strength in proportion to population compares favorably with that of the majority of large cities in the country. Its efficiency has been through an efficient commander-in-chief, his usefulness is gone and so are the discipline and efficiency of the entire organization. Under such conditions the utter disruption of the District Guard would merely be a matter of time, and a very short time at that.

All this is in a large measure the result of one all-pervading, unobscured authority. Improper interference would shake the whole structure, if not destroy it altogether. In other words there should be no division of authority. The word of the commander-in-chief, no matter who he may be, should be the determining factor in all matters. If the Commissioners keep this in mind, the requirement that they must approve all vouchers will work no harm. If, however, they go in the opposite direction, it is to be feared that the District National Guard may soon be a thing of the past.

WILLIAM AS A SHIPBUILDER.

Germany's imperial lack-of-balance has broken out in a new place. William II has done pretty nearly everything from running a theater to ruling his people, from conducting an orchestra to commanding an army. Now he has built a ship and is really so proud of it that he thinks he can give "pointers" to every old salt in the German navy and to every German naval constructor and shipbuilder. They laughed at the emperor's other day at Wilhelmshaven and the emperor delivered himself upon that occasion thus modestly: "I wish to express to all connected with the building of this vessel my thanks for their acceptance of the hints which I, as a practical naval officer, believed myself able to give you." And then he went on uttering the hope "that the officers will surround the ship with a nimbus of respect and awe, and, when necessary, terror."

How the officers are going to get that nimbus of respect and awe around the ship is not clear at the first glance, but no doubt it will result in a good many of the men who sail in her to know that "practical naval officer" like William of Hohenzollern, is responsible for her construction. Whether it will amount to a nimbus or not remains to be seen. William might now come to the United States and try his hand at solving the silver puzzle.

Only a few days more before Chicago will decide that it's a good time to take another census.

Chicago celebrated yesterday without cannon firecrackers. There were enough other booms.

The conviction is forced on us that not all the firecrackers that went off yesterday were wrapped up in permits from the Commissioners.

There are four lady delegates to the Chicago convention, but Mr. Thurber will be unavoidably absent.

Blackboard exponents of Democratic booms are only able to furnish weak imitations of Scorer Grosvenor.

City Brevities

The conference committee in charge of the new building will meet this evening at Plasterers' Hall.

Roginald Pollock and C. Victor Craigh are off on an extended bicycle tour through Southern Virginia.

Beginning today the speed of the cable cars of the Capital Traction Company will be increased two miles per hour.

The midnight service in the "Division" last evening, held under the auspices of the C. U. M., was conducted by Mr. George M. Wheeler.

Mr. H. P. Dugas and his son of Pocomokeville, La., are registered at the National Hotel. They are on their way east, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Julius Owen of Harrison street, Anacostia, will leave in a few days for a summer sojourn with relatives in Prince George county, Md.

Mr. Percy B. Foster, leader of the 4,000 voice choir, will speak in Baltimore tomorrow evening before the counting of Endeavorers. He will talk about the conversion of the world.

"Ben Hur," with illustrations, will be produced at the Church of Our Father for one week, commencing Monday night. It is said the views are exceptionally good.

Col. A. W. Harmon, State treasurer of Virginia, is at the Metropolitan Hotel. He is accompanied by his wife and daughter, and will remain in the city several days.

The boys and girls at the German Orphan Asylum celebrated Independence Day in a joyous manner. Every child was supplied with firecrackers and in the evening refreshments were served.

A lady cyclist very narrowly escaped possible serious injury on the Avenue last evening. In avoiding a collision with a pedestrian she fell, but fortunately without injury to herself or wheel.

Mr. C. H. McKibben of New York and Miss Mary McKibben of Chambersburg, Pa., who came to attend the funeral of the late Col. James C. McKibben, returned to their respective homes yesterday.

George F. Carter created some little excitement yesterday in Anacostia by beating his wife. Upon complaint of Mrs. Carter, Policeman Farquar arrested the husband and locked him up in the Anacostia station.

John Weatherill, the man arrested by Detective Rhodes yesterday afternoon, as already told in The Times, will be taken to Richmond today to answer a charge of robbing a man in that city shortly before he left.

The feature of the service at the C. U. M. this evening will be an address by Mrs. Whittam, founder of the "Foot of Hope" Mission, New York city. The devotional exercises will be conducted by the Rev. E. D. Bailey.

Henry Grimes was taken to Providence Hospital at 2:30 yesterday afternoon with a fractured skull, his injuries having been received in a fight, but with whom and where it occurred is not known. The case was not reported to the police.

There was a unusually large attendance at the gospel service at the Central Union Mission last evening. The service was led by Mr. George W. Wheeler of the board of directors and was very interesting, and closed with a "testimony meeting."

The funeral of Mr. Charles P. Coomes took place from his residence yesterday. The services were attended by the members of the Veteran Firemen's Association, Master Painters' Association, and Builders' Exchange, of which organizations the deceased was a member.

Yesterday afternoon a body of men had a tussle from her wheel near the corner of Thirteenth and G streets northwest. It was thought that she had been seriously injured, and she was taken into the drug store of Dr. Van Syke. Dr. J. C. Davison was summoned and the wound was found to be very slight.

Three little girls about six years of age, dressed in red, white and blue, attracted considerable attention on Seventh street by last evening's singing. They repeated their repertoire of national airs several times and interested their audience, which steadily increased, as greatly as they amused themselves.

SEVEN INDIANS STARVED.

Father and His Family Were on the Way to Hudson Bay.

Toronto, Ont., July 4.—News has reached here from River Moisie, on the north shore, to the effect that a party of hunters from Moisie found the remains of seven Indians about two hundred miles in the interior.

The remains were those of a family consisting of father, mother and five children. A few notes in the Naskapi language undoubtedly written by the squaw, showed that the family had started from Moisie last fall for the Hudson Bay hunting grounds.

After having a hard struggle on two hundred miles the provisions ran short, and there being no game, one after another succumbed to starvation, the woman being the last to die.

DANGERS OF DESERT TRAVEL.

Caravans are Frequently Led Astray by the Wonderful Mirages.

London, Eng., July 4.—While we stayed at Murat Wells my companions and myself received many interesting attentions from the courteous and hospitable Ababdeh sheiks. They supplied us, among other things, with the most delicious mutton, which was not what one would expect to find in the heart of this desert, where a blade of grass grows.

I was told that the Arabs procure these sheep on the Red Sea coast, and drive them up to Murat from Halaib, a distance of 260 miles as the crow flies.

While talking over various routes with the Ababdeh we realized how intimate is their knowledge of the desert. Their journeys are by no means confined to those regular tracks, rather, they are made by the most direct routes, and they are well acquainted with the landmarks by which the guides direct their course, become invisible, or are distorted or unrecognizable, while sometimes the ghost of some familiar track or tree—possibly many leagues away and in a totally different direction—flashes out of the desert to draw the unfortunate traveler to his destruction.

The sheik said that within his own memory ninety of the best Ababdeh guides had thus lost their way and died in the desert.

These Ababdeh are a most interesting people with whom to converse when they become communicative. Traveling as they do all over the desert between the Red Sea and the Nile, and being in constant communication with their friends in the Sudan and elsewhere, they have a very accurate knowledge of all that is going on throughout the immense tract of country. An Ababdeh carries in his head a map of a great part of Africa, and it is difficult to mention a place within his ken without his describing its position, and not roughly lay down.

The information of our friends the sheiks extended to the Congo Free State and to Uganda, and they knew all the details of the Italian campaign in Abyssinia. They told us some strange stories concerning recent events in that country, which it is expedient not to repeat until they have been confirmed by the news of the world.

Many European officers were leading the troops of Menelik; they were quite certain of this, and asserted that they had this news from sources of information absolutely trustworthy. They told spoke of the rifles and ammunition which had been landed in quantities at certain Red Sea ports, and thence carried by caravans into Abyssinia. While there is no doubt that the rifles and ammunition are most probably being used against us in the coming campaign.

Capital City in Summer

Deserted by Legislators But Full of Queer Human Things.

The Stay-Over Congressman is in His Glory—Patent Enthusiasts and Their Well-Known Ways.

The hasn't-gone-home Congressman is now a leading feature of the torrid life of this sun-baked asphaltum city. He lovingly lingers over memories of the pomp and dash of legislation. In this he was, quite likely, badly disappointed, for the chances are that the last session furnished him his last taste of national bill-pushing.

Smith—that isn't his real name—stays here after the session as a freemason or sophomore waits over after commencement. The big toads have all gone, and the antipodal take commanding positions in the public. Smith, therefore, gives a decent performance of the statesman's stride which he has been rehearsing, and illuminates Pennsylvania avenue with him.

We do not know how long he will stay, but from town pass as far as possible to starboard and larboard of the amazing craft. There is poor paluhum hereabouts for the newspaper men who get orders for interviews.

Some of these Smiths stay for other reasons. Some are afraid to go home because of sins of omission in the way of bills not passed or sins of commission in the way of bills passed. Some are afraid to go home because of sins of omission in the way of bills not passed or sins of commission in the way of bills passed.

The fast but not least of the Smith style of legislators are waiting for the Democratic convention and studying the currency question meanwhile. The result of the financial fence the pie counter is apt to be located. Then they'll go home with a proud consciousness of having worked overtime in campaign speeches they will proclaim, in the deprecating tones, those profound convictions resulting from deep studies just passed and Presidential favors to come.

A young and innocent Englishman, recently arrived in this country, wandered over the steps of an up-town hotel the other day with the intention of doing Washington. Then he sauntered back, three steps at a time and with horizontal forearms, and he was in the city.

Along the street in double file came a bunch of red braves from Northern Texas.

On the Cash Trail.

It was the old story of deferred money due from Great Father Carlisle for land given to the pale-face and his degrading agriculture. They were the handsomely cut, ready-made habiliments sold to them in the West at \$43 a suit. As protection from the June heat they were wrapped themselves up in cool flannel to blankets. These, together with high cheek bones, sleek hair and a tanned skin, produced a vivid ensemble. It may be the foreigner remember certain passages in books containing statistical and descriptive literature concerning this country.

Washington itself is used to these modern money-seeking warriors. They start out from the west on the cash-trail very often, and probably get less long-gone scalps than are really due them in Arayan codes of equity. They are a vulgar sight on the streets. Their agent, or lawyer, shoves them into the hall bedrooms of cheap hotels near the Capitol, or trails them about on pilgrimages to the best dress wigwags of Uncle Sam's Cabinet chiefs. Behind the solid faces of some of these national wards you read, "I'll bet a tin-cupful of fire-wassal that somebody is trying to do me up."

Getting the Marble Seat.

Whole blocks of fine dwellings are deserted except for Senate-guardians in the basements. This waste of space and comfort has a particularly acute effect on advanced thinkers who count to the seat of government in pursuit of the Washington. The diplomats have gone with the society folk. When there are no balls, receptions or even teas it is to be noticed that grave international problems are suddenly solved or shelved. The principal exceptions are the representatives of certain small powers poor in purse, and some of the Asiatic nobility. If a European war cloud comes this way it will certainly be referred to Newport, Lenox or Biarritz.

The departmental set now leads the social life of the city. It is composed of portfolio assistants, chiefs of divisions, heads of bureaus and high-salaried clerks. Their occupations are extremely sedentary. In the evening they are the departmental set; in the day they are the departmental set. All the time they are the departmental set, and of the real and best life at the capital, Washington is exclusively a residence city, and so nearly free from manufacturing and wholesaling that the exorbitant prices of the rich might mean much to local trades were it not for the steady dollars of those government employees whose vacations are limited.

England's First Paper.

It was Established in Dublin, Ireland in 1688.

Editor Times. In a recent issue of The Times I notice quite an interesting article on the "Courant," which is admirable with the exception that it is not exactly correct in the statement that the "Courant" was the first English paper published in Great Britain.

The "Saunders Kew" Letter and Daily Advertiser, of Dublin, Ireland was established in the year 1688, or fourteen years before the "Courant," and never missed an issue until it was wound up in the year 1875.

Mr. William L. Barrington, of the Navy Department, was for several years the proprietor and editor of this paper, and could doubtless give some very interesting particulars regarding same.

Big Sale Starts Tomorrow.

The annual summer closing sale of M. Goldenberg, 925-928 Seventh and 104 K Street, begins tomorrow morning and promises to eclipse any that has yet taken place. This store has recently been enlarged and made attractive. A new elevator and a modern cash-carrier system is now being added. When improvements have been completed this store will be one of the finest in the city.

Free Advertising of Property.

For the sale of real estate and business property, call on the Times Real Estate Bureau, Times Building.

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A monster sale of legitimate Suit Values

The choice is given you of
Every Fancy Cassimere,
Every Fancy Cheviot,
Every Plain Blue Cheviot,
Every Plain Black Cheviot,

lined or half lined Suit in the house that is marked—and has been selling at
\$12.50, \$13.50 and every small lot at \$15.00 for



The only line we ask you to draw between this offering and others that are being made—or will be made—is that this is a sale of OUR REGULAR STOCK. That is the key to the honesty of the sacrifice.

If we permitted ourselves to ransack the manufacturing houses, there wouldn't be any more importance attach to this than to the cut and dried sales. But the price-marks already on these suits were put there when they came from our workrooms weeks ago.

They represent actual values. They're not convenience marks—to cut for effect. Such tactics are foreign to straight-forward merchandising—foreign to us.

SACKS AND CUTAWAYS IN ALL SIZES.

Saks and Company

Pa. Ave. and 7th St. "Saks' Corner."

WILL UNMASK THE MOB

Continued from First Page.

neighbor of the Buxtons at Gaitersburg, Mr. Kilgour questioned him closely.

"Where were you last night?" he asked.

"At home."

"Were you in Rockville during the evening?"

"I was not, sir."

The witness went on to reply that he had not been near the jail and that he had nothing to do with the lynching. He first heard of it through a colored man who came to his house at 7 o'clock in the morning. He and a friend drove over to the scene of the crime, but the body had been cut down. He admitted he did not go on into Rockville.

"Were you not in Rockville with Mr. Buxton Friday evening," asked a juror.

"No, sir."

John A. Bell, of Gaitersburg, the next witness, was asked point blank if he had any personal knowledge of the lynching. He replied that he had none.

"Did you talk to Randolph in jail?"

"Yes, sir. I did. I told him he ought to be saying his prayers, and I believed it, too."

"Did you tell him his name was not Randolph?"

"I did, sir."

"Why?"

"I was none of your business."

"Why did you tell him he had better be saying his prayers?" asked a juror.